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THE WIFE OF LUMLEY MOORE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Have you not seen her many a day,
  Leaning out of her door,
List'ning and looking far away—
  The wife of Lumley Moore?

The leaves of the roof-tree, thick and dim,
  Trembling through and through,
And little birds with necks stretched slim,
  As if they listened too?

Have you not seen the air a-hush,
  And tender with her praise,
And the squirrel hide in his hazel bush
  Ashamed of his clumsy ways?

Her timid glances all alert,
  As if her peace was gone,
And her step as light as she feared to hurt
  The grass she trod upon?

Have you not heard her piteous sighs
  That reached to other years,
And seen the light of her sweet, sweet eyes
  Going out in tears?

Poor lady! when at midnight dark
  The death-watch beats his drum,
She turns no more in her bed, to hark
  For feet that do not come.

The brier its thorny arms all wide
  Has thrown across her door,
And the lizard slips where lived and died
  The wife of Lumley Moore.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER I.

AN ADVENTURE.

It was just after noon, on a clear, calm day in early June, that a Newcastle brig, from the Thames, hove to off the coast of Yorkshire, between Scarborough and Robin Hood's Bay. A boat was lowered, and when the oarsmen had taken their seats, two passengers entered, and were rowed to the shore. As soon as the latter were landed the boat returned, and the vessel filled away, and stood on her course.

Between the appearance of the two men who had thus gained a footing upon the soil of old England, there was a striking contrast. The first was a youth, not over three-and-twenty, tall and well-proportioned, with features of marked intelligence and manly beauty, a keen, full gray eye, and a mass of fine, glossy hair, which hung in light brown curls about his neck and temples. His skin was quite dark, having been bronzed by long and constant exposure to the storm and sunshine; but its texture was pure and firm, and even delicate in its healthy tints. His garb was a sort of undress naval uniform, half way betwen that of an officer and a common sailor. He wore the ordinary blue jacket and trowsers, but the material was finer than usual. His buff vest, however, was graced with officers' buttons, and he wore an officer's sword. His cap, which was of blue cloth, also bore the "button." He stepped lightly, like one who is confident of his own strength, and yet there was a grace and reserve in his bearing which betrayed no bravado or self-consequence.

The second was an old man, who had certainly seen three-score years. He was short in stature, barely reaching to his companion's shoulder, and not very large in frame; but what frame he did have was compact and solid, and knit together with tough sinews. His features were bronzed, and scarred, and bony, seeming to have become bronzed in substance as well as in color. In fact, he looked something like a marine petrifaction; his whole system having been thoroughly hardened by long years of kneading, baking, and drying in storm, and sun, and wind. His hair was of a coarse, grizzled gray, and stood out from under the broad brim of his tarpaulin hat, like the well-worn stubs of a frosty scrubbing-broom. But he had a genial, generous look, and the light of his sharp hazel eye was clear and bright. He was dressed in an ordinary seaman's garb, and wore a stout cutlass hanging upon his left hip.

"Well, Julian," said the old man, in a tone which was deep, full and grim, "would ye know this place, eh?"

"Yes, Mark," returned the youth, gazing about him; "I think there are scenes here which I recollect, though I am sadly at fault in the matter of distances. I remember this landing-place very well, for it was here you used to bring me to sail in your boat. Isn't it so?"

"Yes. You're right, Julian."

"And I remember that high hill, with the old ruin on it; but it seemed to me as though it were many miles away."

"O, no, me boy. It's only a couple o' mile, or so."

"I see it's not, now. But yet, Mark, the place looks familiar. I should have known it if I had been set down here alone, with no one to guide me."

"And d'ye think ye could find yer way up to the old cot?"

"Let's see. Yes. There's the path, yonder."

"No, no, Julian," said the old man, with a smile and a shake of the head. "Ye're wrong there, me lad. That's the path that leads to Woldhill Hall, where the Earl o' Stanbury lives. This is our path, off here."

"I see, now," returned the other.

"Then we'll heave ahead," pursued Mark, "for we may be expected."

[illegible] youth's fair features, and, without speaking, he started on.

The point where they had landed was within a small cove, flanked upon either hand by rugged rocks, but with a piece of level beach at the inner extremity. To the right stretched away a high, steep hill, crowned with the ruins of some old feudal structure; to the left arose another hill, but not so high as the first, and sweeping away to a far greater distance; while directly ahead was a thick wood, which hid the country beyond. It was through this wood that the path led which the two men took.

"Julian," spoke the old man, turning towards his companion, and surveying him from head to foot with a look of pride and fondness, "d'ye think ye'll know yer mother?"

"Know her?" repeated Julian, suddenly stopping, and then moving on again. "I should know her were I to meet her in any part of the world. Ah, Mark—a face like hers cannot change as some faces change, nor can a love like mine forget. MY MOTHER!—oh, what music there is in those two words! But—do you think she will know me?"

"Yes," said the old sailor, again surveying him, "I think she will. But ye aren't the same Julian Glendower 'at I took away from England fifteen year ago. Ye've growed since then, though there's the same look upon yer face, and yer eye 's got the same beamin' light. Yes—I think she'll know ye, Julian."

"I hope she will," returned the youth. "She certainly will," he added, "if we meet her together; for Mark Warrenton has not altered, and if she knows him she will know me."

"True, I can't have altered much," said Mark, holding up his hard, crusted hands, and surveying them as though they were a type of the whole body. "At five-and-forty I was a tough old fish, an' I aren't anything else now, at sixty. Splinter my old timbers, Julian, it don't seem nat'ral to think 'at I'm three-score. Does it seem so to you?"

"It makes but little difference how many years you have lived, Mark," the youth replied. "You are as stout and firm, and as brave and generous as ever. Your hand and heart cannot grow old while life remains. Your head may grow more gray, but your blood is as free and warm as ever."

"You're heapin' it up rather high, me boy; but I'm glad it's you that said it, for I know you speak just as you think. Others might say that, and not mean it."

"There are hundreds who would say the same thing, Mark."

"Well—mayhap there be. But," the old man added, as though he would change the subject, "think how old my mother must be, if she's livin'. Four-score, at least."

"And, I'll warrant ye, as hale and hearty as ever," returned Julian.

"I hope so. Leastwise, she was well the last time we heard from her."

The two men had now reached the crown of a gentle eminence, from which the broad expanse of the North Sea could be seen, and they stopped and turned to gaze upon the water they had just left.

"Ah, me boy," cried Mark Warrenton, with considerable enthusiasm, "surely ye'd know this."

"Indeed I should," responded Julian. "These hills, those ruins, the forest, with its great trees, and the blue ocean, spread out so wide and far, all bring back to me the scenes and emotions of other years. Ah—how well I remember the strange fancies that used to haunt my mind when I stood here, and gazed off upon the great sea. How I wondered what was beyond—what kind of people lived there—what strange things there were hidden on the other side of the horizon—and if I should ever see them. I didn't think then that I should spend so many years beyond them all."

"And only think what a man you're grow'd to [illegible] ed, with another fond look into his companion's face, "I don't want to take praise to myself, but I think I've done all I could for ye."

"Have you not done everything?" exclaimed the youth, seizing Mark by the hand. "Do I not owe everything to you? You have stood by me in every hour, and helped me when I could not help myself."

"I won't deny that, Julian, but I had a reason for doin' it. I did it because I loved ye—I couldn't help doin' it. If ye'd been cross, an' ugly, an' ill-tempered, I never should 'a done for ye what I have done, nor would others 'ave done it, either. If ye'd been a dunce, ye might be a cook's scullion now, instead of a leftenant of a noble Indiaman. I couldn't 'a helped ye to an officer's berth, if ye hadn't 'a had it in ye to make one."

"Yet you've done all you could do," returned Julian, "and I only hope I may live to repay you."

"There," cried Mark, dropping his companion's hand, "don't say no more. It's all right, and there we'll let it rest. But—— Look there. There's a craft o' some sort in Midnight Bay."

"It's a brig," said the young man, looking in the direction pointed out.

"It must be," responded the other. "I wonder what such a craft can be doin' in there. I never know'd 'at anything bigger 'n a fish'n'-boat could run into that bay. You remember what a narrer contracted place 'tis, an' how it's locked in with rocks?"

"I remember something about it. But are you sure she's in the bay?"

"She's either in the bay, or else on dry land, for there aren't no other water could bear her in that direction. She's in the bay, sartin."

"May be a smuggler," suggested Julian.

"Like as not," assented Mark.

They gazed a few moments longer upon the tall spars, and then resumed their walk, and ere long they struck a broader path, which swept around the foot of a hill, and where the woods were more open.

"We're in the earl's park now," said Mark. "We may see some deer afore we get home. He used to have lots of 'em here—the old earl did."

"Hark!" uttered Julian, stopping and listening attentively. "There may be one now. Do you not hear that noise?"

"Aye, aye,—I hear it."

"Something is coming this way."

"But it aren't a deer," said Mark.

"It's a——"

Before Julian could finish his sentence the old man interrupted him with—

"Ho, ho,—it's a woman! See! see!—she's comin' this way!"

Julian started a pace forward, and saw a female running towards the spot where they stood.

"She's frightened at something," said Mark. "See how she runs!"

"Perhaps some wild animal has startled her," added the young man.

"We'll see."

In a few moments more the girl came up. Our two friends stood in her path, and she stopped. She was a fair-formed being, of exquisite symmetry of frame, with features of marvelous beauty; large, soft brown eyes, and nut-brown tresses which were now flowing over her neck and shoulders. She was not over nineteen, and her garb betokened that she belonged to some wealthy family.

"What's the matter, me fair leddy?" asked Mark.

She gazed upon the speaker with a frightened look, and then turned towards Julian.

"You are not enemies!" she cried, clasping her hands beseechingly. "You will not do me harm!"

"Do ye harm?" repeated the old man. "Did Mark Warrenton ever do harm to anybody in distress?"

"You have nothing to fear from us, gentle lady," added Julian. "Tell us how we can help you, and all that we can do for you shall be done."

"Mark Warrenton," said the girl, hopefully. "And——"

"Julian Glendower," returned the youth, as she cast an inquiring glance towards him.

"O—then you will save me, I know."

"Save you!" exclaimed Julian, starting forward and gazing fixedly into the girl's face. "Is this Emma Dean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless my soul—so 'tis!" cried Mark, taking her hand, and scanning her fair features. "The same Emma that used to play with Julian years ago. You remember Julian. See how he's grow'd. He's an officer now; an' he's a hero, too. But—ye look frightened. What's happened? Tell us."

"Four stout men set upon me in the wood. They bound my attendant, Mary Nolan, and were going to bind me, when I slipped from them, and ran. Oh! here they come now! Save me! Save me!"

Julian looked, and saw four men approaching at a swift pace. They were stout, burly fellows, and habited in sailor garb. He bade the girl stand back, and then faced the ruffians.

"Hallo!" cried the leader of the party, as he approached the spot where the trio stood. "Who've we got here? Stand out o' the way, boy, and let me have that gal!"

The speaker was a huge fellow; tall and powerful; dark-featured, and weather-scarred; with large black eyes, and a black beard, which was neatly trimmed. His hair, of the same raven hue, clung about his bull-like head and neck in short curls; and, altogether, he was about as dubious a looking customer as any one would wish to meddle with. His companions looked rough enough, and hard enough, but they were not of such huge proportions.

"This lady has sought our protection, sir; and she shall have it," replied Julian, when he had measured the giant with his eye.

"Zounds!" uttered Mark, at this point, having been regarding the ruffian attentively; "I shouldn't forget that face, nor that great body, though it's grow'd some since I saw it last. If it aren't Dixon Grunker, the smuggler, may I be blowed."

"Eh!" cried the man thus alluded to, gazing sharply into the old sailor's face. "I've seen this old crab before."

"If ye remember Mark Warrenton, ye'll remember me," said the petrified Indiaman.

"O—I remember ye. There's no need of yer tellin' me the name that belongs to such a figgerhead as you've got. But I'll have to see ye some other time to talk over old affairs; I've got business now. I must have this gal."

"Keep back!" ordered Julian, as Grunker approached him. "I know that you have no claim here, and that your aim, whatever it may be, is one of villainy. So I shall defend this lady with my life. I give you fair warning!"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the ruffian, with a scornful sneer. "A boy and an old dried up man against four of the hardest men in the kingdom! I hardly think you're in earnest, youngster."

Julian drew his sword, and returned the ruffian a look of defiance.

"I want no fray," he replied, "nor would I have blood shed; but I give not this fair lady up to you while I have life."

"Well spoken, by the holy powers," returned Grunker. "But if you don't want blood shed you'd better put up your sword, and stand out of the way. I don't want to harm ye; but have this gal I must—and quick, too."

As the fellow spoke he took a step forward, and made a motion as though he would push the youth out of his way. Julian might, under other circumstances, have shrunk from encountering such a gigantic opponent; but he could not refuse now, nor did he have such a thought. He trusted to his own skill and quickness of sight, knowing that mere brutal strength did not win battles. And, further—he was unwilling to strike the first blow with mortal weapon, even in such a cause. He had just placed his foot upon his native soil for the first time after long years of absence, and he disliked the thought of shedding English blood in his first essay. So he quickly changed his sword into his left hand, and with his fist he dealt the ruffian a blow that sent him reeling back.

"Hold on, boys," said Grunker to his men, as he saw them start; "let me settle with this youngster." And he advanced again.

Emma Dean had been sorely frightened during this opening scene, and she now sprang to Julian's side and caught him by the arm.

"No, no," she exclaimed. "Not for me! They will kill you!"

"Stand back—just one moment," replied the youth, putting her gently away. "I am used to such things, and fear them not. You shall go safe to your home, or——"

He was interrupted here by the near approach of Grunker, and quickly putting himself upon his guard, he cried—

"It shall be no boy's play this time."

"No," returned the other, whose cheek was bleeding from the effects of the blow he had replied. "This is the kind of play I'll make it."

He aimed a blow with the heavy cutlass he carried, but it was parried with the utmost ease.

"Will you give up the gal?" he asked.

"No!" was the ready answer.

"Then I must take her."

He rushed forward, and aimed another blow at the youth, but his weapon was turned aside, and he received a wound upon the sword-arm. This served to exasperate him, and, with a fierce oath, he set on again. His three followers seemed to think that he would quickly dispose of the youngster, for they showed no disposition to advance. Mark Warrenton of course dared not interfere, for he knew that such a movement would most surely call the three idle ones into action. Emma Dean stood with hands clasped, and her eyes turned toward Heaven.

Both the combatants now went at the work in right good earnest; and the huge ruffian soon found that he had met his match. All his blows were turned aside or avoided, while he had rather more than he could comfortably attend to, to look out for the blows that were returned. The sharp steel clashed with a ringing sound, and both weapons were soon sadly scarred. Finally Grunker thought to change the programme. If he could not overcome his antagonist at a fence, he could rush in upon him, and hurl him to the ground by main force; so he watched his opportunity, and at length knocked Julian's sword down with a powerful blow, and instantly leaped upon him. But he was not so witty as he had thought. His antagonist had been reading his plans as clearly as he had made them. His play showed that he was preparing for some such coup; and when he gave his last blow his very look plainly told what his intent was. So Julian was prepared. He offered no resistance to the stroke which he saw was aimed only at his sword, but let the weapon fall of its own accord, and then, quick as thought, he raised his point just in season for his opponent to rush upon it. He held it with a firm hand—it entered the ruffian's side, and passed out under the opposite arm. As he withdrew the reeking blade and started back Grunker gave utterance to a hoarse curse, and staggered against a tree.

At this moment the tramp of a horse was heard up the road, and the three sound ruffians sprang off into the wood, leaving their leader to his fate.

CHAPTER II.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

As soon as Julian had seen the three ruffians safely off, he turned to the maiden, and said—

"I trust you are safe now. But tell me—what means this? Who are these men, and what was their aim?"

"Indeed I know not, sir," she replied. "They are——"

"What is it? Are you faint?" cried the youth, as he noticed that the girl started and turned pale.

"No—it is nothing. I only saw that horseman coming."

"Do you know him?" asked Julian, turning and seeing the new-comer.

"It is Sir Thomas Cleaveland."

"The Earl of Stanbury?"

"Yes."

In a moment more the earl came dashing up to the spot. He was a young man; not more than three or four-and-twenty; with sandy hair and complexion; rather tall and muscular; and possessing one of those countenances which are hard to read from their contradictory characteristics. His features were well-formed, save that his mouth was too large, and his chin a trifle too short. His eye was of a dull, pale blue, and only took expression when his passions were aroused. He wore a gentleman's ordinary hunting suit—a green, cut-away coat, with short skirts; a long, flapped waistcoat; close breeches of fine buckskin, and high topboots. His horse was a handsome one, and valuable.

"How now?" he exclaimed, as he drew up before the scene. "What have we here?" He seemed to be slightly startled, and a close observer could have seen that he was not well satisfied with the appearance of things.

"Only a slight brush, my lord," answered Julian, advancing a pace. "We found this fair lady beset by ruffians, and lent her our protection. One of them I have wounded, and the others ran off upon your approach."

THE RESCUE OF EMMA DEAN

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"Wounded! Where?" asked the earl, gazing quickly around.

Gardner had fallen to the ground, and as Sir Thomas saw him he uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and quickly slipped from his saddle. He had taken a step forward, when he wheeled round, when he hesitated, and turned to where Emma stood.

"Fair lady," he said, with a show of reverence, "I should have been loth to have yield thee protection from violence."

"Generous profession were at hand, my lord," she replied.

A cloud gathered upon the earl's brow, and his hands were momentarily clinched, as if in anger.

"I am glad you found succor, surely," he remarked, "even at the hands of strangers. But how did it happen. Who were the villains that dared to molest you?"

They seemed to be non-faring men, sir, and were rough and cruel. They stopped us as we came along, and pulled us from our horses, but gave us word of explanation. They bound my attendant, and while they were thus engaged, I escaped from them, and met these kind gentlemen just in season to profit by their assistance."

"Then you did not know the ruffians?"

"No, sir—I never saw them before. There is one of them—the one who took the lead."

The earl now turned to where Gruenar lay, and stooped down by his side; but what he said could not be heard. The ruffian seemed to have fainted, not so much from loss of blood as from a sort of stunning shock which had been given by the latter. He revived at Sir Thomas spoke to him, and pointed to his wound. The earl called Julian and Hugh to his assistance, and having given over the man's clothing, they staunched the blood as best they could.

"Now," said the young nobleman, as he arose to his feet, "I would like to know to whom we are beholded for their services rendered to the Lady Emma."

He gazed into Julian's face as he spoke, and the sudden start which he gave seemed to indicate that he had seen something unexpected.

"My name is Julian Glendower, sir," our hero replied.

"Glendower!" repeated the earl, as though trying to recall the name, but evidently only seeking to overcome the strange emotion which had come upon him. "I think I have heard the name. Do you belong about here?"

"I can hardly claim that honor, sir," replied Julian, "though I spent a few years of my early childhood in this place."

"This old man I think I know," resumed Sir Thomas, turning towards Mark. He turned away from the youth as though he did not wish to look upon him any longer.

"It is Isaac Sprotton old Mark Warrentne, my lord," said the sailor, with no servility about him.

"Oh, no; I remember you very well; and I hope I might meet you both again, that we might amend matters. I will see that this fair lady has safe conduct to her home, and I will send some of my people to take care of the wounded man. I wish you a very good day."

Then turning to Emma Dean, he added—

"I pray your attendant have here a few rods, safely bound; but I left her for the purpose of seeking and saving her mistress. You shall take my self until we find your own home."

The lady did not seem to like this at all, though she was often accustomed to the air of the earl's place; towards Julian which plainly reflected that she would much rather have had his company, but dared not offend the lord, and it thrilled him to the very soul. There was more in it than he could then realize, though he knew very well that the lady was beautiful, and that he should be very happy in her society.

"I will see that this wounded man is cared for, so you need not wait," said the earl, as he noticed that our two friends lingered upon the spot.

With this hint Julian and his companion moved away; but not until the youth had once more caught the young lady's eye, and read the deep gratitude therein expressed. When they had gone a little way, and the tramp of the earl's horse was heard in the distance, Julian stopped, and proposed that they should go back and see if the man he had wounded.

"No," said Mark. "I guess we'd better let him be. The earl wants to handle him himself. I don't believe the wound's a mortal one."

"Do you think so?" asked Julian.

"Don't ask me no questions, Julian. I'm puzzled. The old man thinks I'm dead, and he's quiet and passed on.

"But what is it that puzzled you, Mark?" asked the youth. "I am puzzled, too. Did you notice how he tenderly started and turned pale when he saw me?"

"Yes, I seed it all; but I don't know what it means. I and I don't know as I ought to tell you from Scotland, as I told you, and she shall here till three days ago. It was in the afternoon—just up to this time—perhaps a little later—that she put on her light dress, and said she'd go out and walk. She went out into the wood, and—I haven't seen her since. I don't know where she went to, nor what has become of her."

Julian was overwhelmed with fear and doubt.

"She wasn't out of her head, was she?" asked Mark.

"Mercy on me, no. She was never better every way."

"But," said Julian, "have you searched for her?"

"Yes."

"And can you find no trace?"

"No," replied the dame. "Adam Nolan—you remember Adam, don't you?"

"I remember him," said Mark. "He was one of Roland Dean's men."

"Yes," pursued the old lady; "and he's now Sir Roland's gentleman. He has the care of all the Sir Roland's gentleman. He has the care of all the great deer-park near Margaret disappeared, and I asked him about her. He said he'd seen some very bad-looking men about there, around the roads for several days, and he said he was sure one of 'em was Dinon Grunker, the North Sea Pirate, as an awful bad man. He was a smuggler once; but he's a great deal worse now. He's a regular pirate, Lesatelse so folks say."

"And do you mean that these ruffians have got my mother?" cried Julian, with startling energy.

"I don't know, Julian. I was only talkin' what Adam had seen. But Adam 'll be here this evenin', and he may know more."

The youth asked many more questions, but he could gain no further information; and as he was assured that Adam Nolan had been on the search, and would come after supper to report, he made up his mind to wait until the woodman came. He could not enjoy conversation upon lesser subjects now, so he left Mark to tell their adventures while he went out of doors to calm himself if he could. But there was no calm for that soul under such a weight. He had been living upon the hope of meeting his mother—of seeing that sweet smile, and resting his head upon that fond bosom, once more —he had found all his joys and aspirations upon her supporting and encouraging love—and then to find the cup dashed from his lips in the very hour when he had triumph the blessed draught all his own, was too cruel.

"Oh!" he cried, as he sank down upon a stone at the foot of the hill, "this can be no home for me if I find not my mother! My heart shall die—no bond here if her love be wanting!"

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD SUIT.

Just at sunset on the following day, Julian approached the cot. He was a stout, burly, red-faced, old-fashioned, good-looking fellow, some forty-five years of age, within keen, penetrating glance in his bright blue eye. But little of the Norman could have got down to him beneath the weight of many hard usages from those times he ventured, dressing with here and good will. She recognized her son while he was yet far off, and was surging with joy when he came up. She held him to her bosom a few moments, and then led him into the cot.

"Now—where is the other mother?" cried Mark, after the first greetings had been over.

"And this is Julian?" the old lady said, seeming not to notice her son's question, but turning to the youth and holding his hand.

"Yes, I am Julian Glendower," replied our hero. "Should you not have known me?"

"Yes—I surtin should," returned the dame.

"Dost my mother look like me, sir?"

"I guess not. But sit down, and rest." The old lady spoke hesitatingly, and as if in fear. Perhaps Julian caught at the meaning of it, and sank down with a groan.

"His mother's here, aren't she?" asked Mark.

"Not now, my son."

"But she got our letter? She knew we was comin'?"

"Yes—she got the letter; but—she aint here now. I'll tell you all about it, by'm by. Ye'll eat somethin' now, won't ye?"

"I am hungry."

With this the dame left the room, and when she was gone Julian spoke—

"Mark, I have feared this. All the way through the wood—up, and all the way over the sea—this fear has haunted me!"

"What fear, Julian?"

"Something has happened to my mother!"

"How d'ye know that?" asked Mark, in consternation' up such fears after ye have reason for 'em. Look at the danger you've been in yourself."

"Ah—but that was more than six months ago, Mark."

"No, no—go forget. The Prince Charles only sailed two months afore we did, so our letters couldn't have got here over two months ago. It's still my mother comes in."

Here Dame Gardner returned she bore a tray in her hands, and when she had prepared the table, she bade her son and his companion to help themselves. Julian had right up here, and tasted not a morsel of food. He could not eat while the old man and his wife were present, but left them to converse with each other upon matters. Ye haven't got anything to be alarmed about, Julian. Set right up here, and take hold. Set right up here, and take hold. Set right up here, and take hold. Set right up here, and take hold.

Mark envied the sustenance at once, and Julian soon followed his example. But little was said during the meal, and when it was over, Mark moved away; but not until the youth had once more caught the young lady's eye, and read the deep gratitude therein expressed. When they had gone a little way, and the tramp of the earl's horse was heard in the distance, Julian stopped, and proposed that they should go back and see if the man he had wounded.

"No," said Mark. "I guess we'd better let him be. The earl wants to handle him himself. I don't believe the wound's a mortal one."

"Do you think so?" asked Julian.

"Don't ask me no questions, Julian. I'm puzzled." The old man shook his head, and looked sad and puzzled.

"But what is it that puzzled you, Mark?" asked the youth. "I am puzzled, too. Did you notice how he tenderly started and turned pale when he saw me?"

"Yes, I seed it all; but I don't know what it means. I and I don't know as I ought to tell you from Scotland, as I told you, and she shall here till three days ago. It was in the afternoon—just up to this time—perhaps a little later—that she put on her light dress, and said she'd go out and walk. She went out into the wood, and—I haven't seen her since. I don't know where she went to, nor what has become of her."

Julian was overwhelmed with fear and doubt.

"She wasn't out of her head, was she?" asked Mark.

"Mercy on me, no. She was never better every way."

"But," said Julian, "have you searched for her?"

"Yes."

"And can you find no trace?"

"No," replied the dame. "Adam Nolan—you remember Adam, don't ye?"

"I remember him," said Mark. "He was one of Roland Dean's men."

"Yes," pursued the old lady; "and he's now Sir Roland's gentleman. He has the care of all the great deer-park near Margaret disappeared, and I asked him about her. He said he'd seen some very bad-looking men about there, around the roads for several days, and he said he was sure one of 'em was Dinon Grunker, the North Sea Pirate, as an awful bad man. He was a smuggler once; but he's a great deal worse now. He's a regular pirate, Lesatelse so folks say."

"And do you mean that these ruffians have got my mother?" cried Julian, with startling energy.

"I don't know, Julian. I was only talkin' what Adam had seen. But Adam 'll be here this evenin', and he may know more."

The youth asked many more questions, but he could gain no further information; and as he was assured that Adam Nolan had been on the search, and would come after supper to report, he made up his mind to wait until the woodman came. He could not enjoy conversation upon lesser subjects now, so he left Mark to tell their adventures while he went out of doors to calm himself if he could. But there was no calm for that soul under such a weight. He had been living upon the hope of meeting his mother—of seeing that sweet smile, and resting his head upon that fond bosom, once more —he had found all his joys and aspirations upon

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

The oldest inhabitant's mind is a black memorandum-book in which he has no "wheels to push aline for oblivion." His experience convinces him that the present and more every day, but New York is situate on the banks of Lethe. Ask him for the date of the great fire, and he remembers there, he has a distinct recollection of having forgotten it; ask him when the new Croton water was brought in, and he remembers it or not. He knows that he is of an ancient family, but cannot, for his life, tell what was the name of the man who married his mother. With much obvendence that his forefathers must be dead, he remembers not when they died. Ask him, in the same regiment with the celebrated Leonidas, what was the number of the regiment, and he answers

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1832.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

[These stanzas were written (but not published) on the 31th of December, 1832, in that year the Widow Bion and Charles Carroll of Carrollton died, and South Carolina had thrown threatened the dissolution of the American Union.]

Like a sad wave, the dying year
Is rolling from the world away,
And its last sigh is lingering now
Upon the sinking breeze;
Oh, with a spectator's fate we see,
It mirrored glories one by one,
The beautiful to last,
And these, alas year, are few, like thee,
To fix this year's substantial cast.

How many a change is sure—the spring,
The Summer's rush flowers, have died
And sunshiny, the Summer's bath,
And Autumn's fruit and grain,
And aged year, the withered leaves,
Through which the Autumn tempest grieves,
Have fallen, alas by one;
The cold wind wails o'er earth to-day
The elegy of fruitless years departed.

Even he, the monarch of the hours,
The gifted and the proud,
The wizard of old Scotland's hills,
Is numbered with the buried—
He, who on Hurst's high steep could stand,
And marshal with his exploring hand
The wharfwind and the cloud,
And write a name, as it was told by the elf,
In lightning traces on the sky
Is not even he but his name are,
Where form or Time will reckon—
Where is his name in Scotland's story still,
And shared the battle shock?
Where is his name in the minstrel's lay now
That heard their banners flash,
A living rampart rock,
And stood, the preacher of the Dun,
At Liberty's Thermopylæ.

Gone is our Spartan phalanx now—
In vain were they and prayer—
But hist! that awful voice!
Breathe, have upon the air!
They rise upon their country's car
A train of warning and of fear,
And fall her arms around,
Her deadly epoch the previous star,
That tainted worship from afar
Upon her nation's bound.

Time rushes still—another year,
Like those before it, will,
In hurrying swiftly past—and what
Will it have written there?
Can hate fore on a shattered land,
Visions of blood perchance will be
Upon its chart engraven,
And strife may what the sharpened 2 down
Fix on its stone of Carnival's tomb?

A signal on the midnight heaven!
Lo, where yon meteor-gleam
Is flashing from the far-off South
To old Potomac's stream!
Its lurid and portentous smile
In this dim star we fix beneath,
Soon in this Freedom's strand,
That lands on hill and water's bed,
And turned earth's waters into blood.

My country, oh my country, years
Ere gash her maimed limb bleed,
Years God thy perils, and invoke
Thy children to their need!
Turn if the wretched's ear be cold,
The fabric of thy Washington
Upon that shroud will stand,
To sanctify her form as air
And bend the bow of glory there.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

"Hurray for Old Wrigley and Kalmuck!" was the thundering answer pulls of the forests.

"Into 'em, boys!" cried Keston.

"Butcher the brutes!" shouted Wetzel.

"Swallow 'em hall!" screamed Seth.

"Don't leave a grease-spot!" added Washburn.

And forthwith the whole rendezvous began a regular double shuffle, up and down, and back and forth, over the limited district, with the din of conflict, the crackling flames, and the almost suffocating smoke—a dance in which the suddenly revivified Duke took a most active part.

"Hurray for Old Wrigley and Kalmuck!" every now and then resounded from the gallant scouts; and to this an answering shout was generally given from those who were not too busily fighting without for vengeance and their deliverance.

"Golly hebbens! dis here's fun?" yelled Bolus: "'Cuh it to 'em, gentle'n! you! let 'em up dis hunk! Just fro 'em down, and broke dar necks, and den took all dar hair! Da's de way an dis pisnen nigger goes in for fatin; and now I reckon dem dar—did he?"

Absorbed with with the new excitement of hope, Blanche for some time stood fairly trembling by the side of Eugene, listening to the fierce sounds of conflict—the shouts, screeches, groans and yells—the crack of guns and flash of steel—and then suddenly throwing herself into the arms of her noble companion, she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears, half overcoming:

"We are saved, Eugene! we are saved! thank God, we are saved!"

"Thank God, indeed!" cried the young Virginian, almost beside himself with bewildering joy, as he for the first time in his life strained the being of his love to his breast.

The engagement, if engagement it could properly be called, was fierce and bloody while it lasted, but lasted not long. The Indians had been completely taken by surprise; and terrified by the fierce cases of cries-vengeful sounders, they offered but a feeble resistance, and were literally struck down, cut down, shot down, and trampled, and slaughtered in heaps. Of the forty or fifty caught within the enclosure of the palisades, not more than ten escaped from the weapons of the whites—and those only by springing over the steep bluff into the water below, where they either half were dashed to pieces by striking an angular rock which lifted its dark head above the surface near the mural shore.

Until the work of slaughter was complete, no one thought of meddling with the bright flames—which, though giving light for the fierce deeds of vengeance, were still imperiling the lives of those imprisoned within the blockhouse; but the moment the fighting ceased, the necessary order was given; and in less than a minute the burning brands were hauled back in every direction, and comparative darkness succeeded.

But even yet our friends were still prisoners; for the fighting and stamping of the frightened horses below, drowned the boldest from venturing down amongst them to remove the hatchings from the door; and it was not till the latter had been forced by a hastily constructed battering-ram, and the animals turned loose into the enclosure, that all could be safely got to the open air; where each at last gave vent to his newly awakened feelings in a manner characteristic of himself.

After a few noisy demonstrations of delight—a few eager questions and hurried answers on both sides, and a few grand shouts for "Old Wrigley and Kalmuck!"—the excited scouts, and their equally excited bands—companions, we mean, to their border fastness, to scalp and plunder every Indian they could find—putting to death all who were discovered with life, with the same bitter vindictiveness that they would have slaughtered so many ravenous wolves.

In this bloody work none were more fierce and eager than Seth; but stopping suddenly, as if struck with an unexpected thought, he started to his feet, gave a wild yell, and was seen to run like one demented through the gate of the enclosure. After a short absence he suddenly reappeared, pulling most triumphantly, and holding high in air the grey scalp of Ralph Harris.

"There it is!" he shouted; "there's the hair of the cursed brute I allowed I war agoine to git! and for which I'd a been willing to gin all the top-knots of all the red niggers I ever seed! Kaw why! They only does according to their nigger nature', but he war a damnable curmugeon, and a disgrace to all the Harris and Kalmucks!"

When at length the bloody work was entirely over, a sort of quietude was soon held by the officers in command, at which our friends were invited to be present. The grieving force numbered about one hundred men in all, mostly Kentuckians, who had landed down from the fort in pursuit of a big a blow against the Indians, which should be some degree be a satisfactory retaliation for their late wanton slaughter of the Iron.

On their way up the Great Miami, they had encamped some distance above the block-house, and within hearing of the swivel, which had excited no little surprise, and had also caused a halt in the march; and when, shortly after, they had discovered the light of the burning block-house and the glare of white had got into trouble with their enemies, they had mounted and set forward—supposing their pace as they drew near the lighted and caught the reports of musketry—and coming up in the manner already described.

After listening to the statement of our friends, concerning all that had occurred at the stronger, it finally decided—since one terrible blow had been struck, and the enemy chastised, that it would be best to so-alarm the country as to prevent any further surprise—that the march should be made at once to Fort Washington, and their future proceedings be governed by future circumstances.

Accordingly, all were mounted on their spoil, and decently entering the three or four gallant fellows who had been taken in the morning, together with the scout who had fallen in the block-house, they set out homeward, leaving a couple of miles, encamping for the night, and resuming their march on the following morning.

As no further events occurred of any particulars interest to the reader, we will no longer continue our story in detail, but leave the little that remains to be told in a few words.

On the day following that terrible night which they believed would be their last, Eugene and Blanche, with their honest companions, found themselves safely lodged in Fort Washington, which was then a small village, containing a population of a few days, and finding themselves continually provided with the warmest cordiality, they took leave of their new friends and old, and, accompanied by Seth and Duke, embarked on a boat descending to the Falls of the Ohio, where they in due time arrived in safety, and thence proceeded to Fort Bertrand, where Blanche was received with the fondest welcome which two loving parents might be expected to bestow upon their only and idolized daughter.

Upon hearing from Blanche the heart-thrilling statement of her sufferings, and the noble manner in which she had been rescued through the efforts of Seth and General Colfax's command, together with tears in his eyes, that he should always be compelled to remain their debtor, considering that all he might be able to do in providing them with such means as would enable them henceforth in life a life of independence.

"But you must do more than that, father?" said Blanche, playfully taking him by the ear; "what one of the two?"

"And what is that, child?" Spoke out! I am now in the mood to grant any favor you may ask."

"Then," said Blanche, wreathing her arm fondly and in Eugene, which he took with trembling confusion, "you must consent to be a father to him who has been more than a brother to me."

"What—what—does this mean?" almost gasped Eugene.

"It means," she replied, "that I now freely bestow upon him all the love which I have ever had for you, and which I shall ever have for you. Many times, at the risk of your own life, you have nobly sought to save mine; and gratitude, love, if no other feeling, should give you this poor return; but lest your sensitive nature should shrink from the idea of gratitude alone, let me add, that you have all for which you may have hoped; and that the rest of my life shall be devoted with devoted to the pleasure of one whom I not only esteem but love."

"Ah, indeed, my good Blanche! is it even so?" said her father, gaily, while Eugene, completely overcome, could only sink to utter another syllable.

"It is even so with your proud Blanche?" was the playful rejoinder.

"Then," added the colonel, clasping their hands in his, "let me have the pleasure of witnessing the contract which I know will make you both happy!"

Brilliant, for that period and location, was the wedding which made Blanche Bertrand the bride wife of Eugene Fairfax; and through the long life which Heaven kindly gave to each, there never came a time when they ceased to look back with pride upon the bound bands once their father's, their devoted friends, and the dangers and perils.

Upon Seth Harper, for his gallant conduct, Colonel Bertrand bestowed a grant which made him independent of his perilous vocation; though he continued to follow it for a number of years, and then settled down on a farm, a happy and prosperous man.

"That the two brightest minutes he'd ever seed, war when he'd got Lo Guerno by the throat, an' clar o' the red niggers' clutches, and his own on to the hair of the runnagate Hawley! Yes, that war my p'ticular hankey!"

Of the other gallant scouts who took part in the eventful rescue of Blanche Bertrand, it is only necessary to add, that all occupy a more or less prominent position in the history of the Border Struggles; and we therefore refer any who may be desirous concerning them, to the printed records which relate how well and nobly they served their country in later times.

As for Duke, he lived ten good old age with his new master and beloved mistress, serving them much better in a domestic capacity than he had in the one which called for more physical courage than his timid nature possessed. But he always boasted of his exploits, and generally wound up by saying:

"You see dat dar's a clar case, dat is. If I'm Sadie's a leadin' off, dat gives two or free times, dar'd a been no Mazee larrence nor Miss Blanche for de gemen to walk in his old age. Dat dar's just de clar truth, dat is."

THE END.

THE WORKBOX'S MISSION.

BY GEORGIANA HERBERT.

"Lizzy asks from this secret grow."

"Dear me!" sighed Elvira Powers, as she arose from the desk at which, for some time, she had sat rapidly writing. "Dear me! I do wonder if ever I shall be married. How go my cousins, one after another, as fast as they come of age, and even Ida Rice. Ada is only nineteen years old, while I, at twenty-four, have never had one love—one lover, I mean. I think it is too bad. I don't want to be an old maid, and yet, quickly find myself alone in the world, with no one to love me. No child there is a fate in it. All my schoolmates are settled in life long ago, but there is Ada, and their husbands that I'd have married, to save my life. Why? I do believe I shall die from good for common men? Not at all. The simple and truth is, I've been in love, and that is the reason I love them. Ah, me! have I so magnet in the world? Well, well, if I haven't I must go to the convent; but I do hope, if ever I find my magnet, that I shall not be old with. Now I must hurry and pack my trunk, for I ought to start for Di by four o'clock, in order to be sure to be in season for Hall's wedding, and Ada's, too. 'Tis the fifth wedding I've attended within a year."

Elvira was a fine, healthy girl, of good temper and disposition, and of lady-like appearance. She had been orphaned from infancy, and, if considered nor unappreciated, but as yet no man who possessed the charm which could win her heart had approached her.

Elvira from her musing went quickly to work. And first she would don and as to her wardrobe chamber, for she never liked to go from home for a wedding, or party, but

It was the latter part of November, and a light snow-storm—that the earth should be whitened over the city.

Elvira's window-sills needed brushing, and she opened the window to sweep away the snow, while over-head on piece without-head, as Elvira, like to know what design there is in permitting the snow to fall, and why it is in such a hurry. It may be the way in which I'm to take my death, and therefore I ought to be in a hurry.

We will leave Elvira in the yard, and see how the world the course for a great many thousand miles, up stairs, there sits, among over the fire, a gentleman some thirty years of age. He has in his hand a daguerreotype likeness of a lady.

For a long time his gaze has been fixed upon the lady, and when he does so it is not to take his eyes off it.

"Why did she die?" he said, mournfully, as he replaced the small memento in his vest. "How lovely she looks in this picture—how lovely she was, why could I forever look upon the past! Mignon is happy now—she mourns not for me. She would not, I believe, if she could. I try to find happiness with another, could I but find any other that I could love, but I cannot, and I will not make a pretension that I felt for her. I wish that I could find that rest of my heart, that I could forget her and her cruel perpetual yearning for the dead. Dwelling upon memories of the past, should not be appointed for living," and Mr. Arnstine arose and moved like lowly toward the window. What a fire form he was! Tall, and finely proportioned, he was not handsome, perhaps, but it was better than that, he was a man to be loved, and loved, too, as he remember till you died. No woman of true soul could help so love him; and yet Mignon, even without feeling that to love and be loved by her husband is the first duty of a wife, could not. Her window of his room and looked out. What a prospect for a man in the blues. Nothing to be seen but the rest of a row of dull, brick houses opposite. He was about to turn away when his attention was attracted by a female figure in the "Yard-piece," in a gone of the utmost vexation.

He glanced sweet to the window opposite, and there stood, with clasped hands and distressed and amused countenance, a young girl before him. He started violently as he looked upon her, and then, why not? Never had he seen such a likeness to the lady in the picture.

While he gazed spell-bound upon the maiden, she called aloud, for in the excitement of the moment Arnstine stood motionless till he saw the stranger suddenly disappear from the window, and then he stoop to pick up something that lay scattered in the yard. Her voice, however, was an echo of the voice of Mignon. Who could she be?

He watched her all the while she remained in the yard, and when she had folded gathering up her things, had come to an understanding of what had occasioned her distress.

As she uttered a satisfied "There!" on rising with the recovered articles, Arnstine involuntarily smiled. It seems to be a universal impulse to look up and sweep the whole view of surrounding when one can possess any one object. He looks of their own yard, and Elvira yielded to this impulse just as Arnstine was about to forego to go to his books. From one of the hotel windows she was gazing down upon her; a face, the sight of which caused her instantly to stop. Then, in confusion because of her own action, and because of the feeling of surprise and pleasure that she was conscious had painted its quick colors on her face, she darted up the steps and into the house. Hurrying to her own room, she tried, from behind the almost closed blinds, to catch another glimpse of the face whose one vision had done more and stranger things to her than had all the others that she had looked upon. But it was gone, and the window was closed. Her time was very precious now, and she could watch no more. But all that day, while she packed her things, and while she was whirled along by the iron horse, she seemed to be in a dream of that face, those eyes, that smile, that had beamed upon her like a revelation from above. At night she did dream, sure enough, and it was from the fact, instead of from a loved window, that the face looked down.

But the next morning when she arrived at her aunt's residence, and went into the sugar and delighted embraces of her cousins, all recollection of past events were driven out of her head by the excitement of those that were present.

The wedding-party was to take place the next day, and there were to be many strangers. Friends of the bridegroom, present. Oh! there was to be a great time, and everybody had plenty to do to get ready for it.

The wedding evening and the wedding guests came; and when her cousins had declared themselves perfectly satisfied with the appearance of Elvira, they led her in to introduce her to several of the friends who were strangers to her.

What aided Elvira's eyes? They were dazzled for a moment, and then, and lastly, and even before she discovered the man whom face she had seen looking down upon her from the hotel window. He was to be groomsman, and to join the wedding party, of which Elvira also made one.

What need to relate more of this story. The bridegroom had fulfilled his destiny—Nelson Elvira nor Arnstine ever complained of having been united to each other. It was a happy union—a fortunate one. It is to be observed that feeling, or pity, or commiseration, or grief, are not to stand in the way of a union—that must be the result of a made available, and that sense, so as the sound feelings may be made to do with the happiness.

It's man is pathetically describing the funeral of his father or sister, or wife, if he calls it pleasure to call it a "first-looking party," or to talk of a "first looking," is wearing relative virginity. Some people's grief may be likened to a commander of "*present arms*;" throw in a joke about the phrase of "*present arms*," and—be ashamed, and—be filled with the ungrum *and-fun*, flannel.

Many of the most sentimental sentimental calculators are always to be laid hold of. If anybody tells you such a deep feeling that he has felt right observer they it will make him more hospitable than ever, since he has felt so much, he gains an appetite. If a clergyman breaks his leg, remark that he is no longer a clergyman, but a lame man.

Do not attempt to cure a quilt you may call "studying into the sublime;" a climbing boy suffocated in a chimney is not a suitable death subject for a pencil-sketch; nor is the small-pox a fit to touch pencil-sketch; nor is the small-pox a fit to touch pencil-sketch; nor is the small-pox a fit to touch

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1858.

CITY OR COUNTRY!

Thousands of young souls are migrating annually from the rural districts, to try their fortunes in our cities and those communities. Many more are looking forward to a similar begin, and are being specially exhorted and prepared therefor. And all this class are of what are considered the "smartest boys," the "hope and pride" of the family. The far-off city, of which they hear most extravagant stories, possesses a power of fascination that is quite irresistible to the aspiring mind. He thinks and dreams of gaiety and gold, of a life of luxury and pleasure, of ease and wealth, of the most fairy deeds and in aerial rhetoric, along enchanted land with palaces and domes, where whose day-eyed beauties smile upon him, more lovely than the houris. He lies down at night tired of the old homestead, the good, honest old farm, with a near-by school-house and church, and houses of many kindred, companions and true friends, and he wakes in the morning with a freshened disgust for his homely, humdrum life.

To the city he must and will go—and to the city, finally, he does go. He has fair natural he best and fair education; he has an outfit that has cost him, perhaps, the personal care, and, above all, he has a thousand blessings, prayers and God speeds, from the family who part with him sadly, for the first time in existence, and who look after forth miserable youth. He finds, big too quickly, that he has abandoned a good thing for a bad one, a lasting home, where all loved and cared for him; where he was known and respected in the community; where he might have risen to social fame and distinction, and where he might have had life, and dying, have had sincere friends to weep and strew flowers upon his grave—for what? For a place among strangers—a home for which he is going, grasping, competing, self-accepted souls, where he must struggle for every inch of room, for power to gain even a foot-hold and the means that will sustain life. A single day and night—if so fortune as to find room for toil—from the moment he gets into the city, he becomes a struggler of subsistence. The palace and banner once beautiful in his dream, become as hideous as so many gallows, and the cry of the hungry for charity, they are as perpetrative as the lightest clouds that float on the heaven.

Yet he is too proud or too blind to retrieve himself by going back to the country, and he goes on, honestly and virtuously, perhaps, in his wretchedness, but more likely become reckless, profligate and vicious, and often has it been the case that he has ended his great sorrow by the thrum of a dagger, a pistol shot, a plunge in the sea, or by starvation. This is no fancy picture, but one that is too frequently met with. Those who are now country youth comes to the city and succeeds, but far oftener the talent that would have made him a farm and honored the rural district, is swept to destruction by the boisterous tide of city life, and is then, diseased to diseased. It is a struggle without success, and the sacrifice is the brightest and most valuable of the country.

Take it all in all, though, I think the gods I am sure. I had rather see my boy make his love; though I doubt beat the undone of it, out and see him do it, if he will but do it honestly, in regard to their feelings, and the final disappointment, if the object of affection be true and worthy, is not half a calamity of character. Single, unmarried, and unengaged, there is room to work out the good that we are in the world, without having a husband or wife to mark his grave.

PERSONAL.

We take pleasure in copying the following notice of the Ledger from a leading and influential paper like the *Louisville (Ky.) Journal*:—

"One distinguishing mark of the Ledger as a family paper deserves especial attention. Many of the papers of the day, it never has a sentence or a word that a father or a daughter might not properly read to his family circle. The character of its tales are full of wild adventure and startling incidents, but never descends to the indelicate or the immoral. Its correspondence, or anything else calculated to suggest a corrupted thought, is rigidly excluded from its columns. Its tone, in this respect, is absolutely perfect, and is conducive to the purest and healthiest. It is at once the most entertaining and the most unobjectionable of family papers."

Harper's Weekly has the following on the same subject:—

We presume the subscription list of the Ledger to be unequaled in the world. No small merit of this success is due to the fact that it is a paper which can be read aloud to a family by the youngest or the oldest member of it. It is no truth to say, that the matter contained in the Ledger is not constantly open to objection. Indeed, it is the most moral issue presents the whole paper, and every, the tale of a month paragraph or a paper, and the whole paper, admitted to its columns which could offend fastidious taste. It is a model of purity, and of interest, and of literary ability and tact. We have no fastidious, indeed, to spare—and we are not sure that we should not be glad to see a little of the impurity in the world which is found in the Ledger—but as it now is—less, but it not fit the average requirements of the popular mind.

CREDITS.

Who employs the poor? The rich, certainly. Do they pay punctually? By no means. They are engaged, or not, or they are employed, or not, as may be decided, or they have no change, and the poor creditor must call again. What is the consequence? Why, the poor man loses the use of "they are in a dance of a hurry, and are not fit to work for gentlemen if they do it." He is sure they are not paid; and as the poor man and his family must live, he must run in debt for food and clothing. The poor man is creditor to one rich man, and debtor to another. Which is the more serious loss? The debtor or his creditor has over him? No such thing. The rich man, if need, can go to the equitable about laying a brick, or the signing of a bond, and after a countenance of a year or two, the poor man has been sent from door to door in search of his demand. But in the meantime he has been sent off, and having the means to do something and postponing, execution comes speedily out, and he is ruined and perhaps becomes a pauper, and his family dies. Many of the readers and those laws are equal which produce such results every day! Why are they unjust? Because those who make them do not feel the pinch, people all coining evening, that makes so many Fourierite philosophers stick, like grim death to a dead carcass, to their theories, after everybody else sees them utterly exploded! We leave our readers to answer the question; but the subject requires an exercise of Sir Humphrey Davy, the illustrious chemist. When a boy, with the defiant constancy of youth which had not suffered nothing, he held the opinion that pain was no evil. He was refused by a cook who hit his toe when bathing, and made him rear feed enough to be heard half a mile off. The advocates of Fourierism and the exercise of the marriage relation can draw their own inference.

FRESH FERN LEAVES

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Rebecca Richmond, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

A LAW MORE USE THAN JUST.

NUMBER II.

After all, having tried it I affirm, that nothing reconciles a woman quicker to her friendship, than an experiment in male speech, although I still maintain that she should not be bothered by her to adopt it when necessity requires; at least, not till the practice is made easy by which a man can think, who performs her duty equally well with a single clerk, receives less salary, simply because she is a woman.

To have to jump on to the cars when in motion, and scramble among the feet of fourteen or ten you may without a helping hand; to be nudged roughly in the ribs by the conductor with, "your fare, sir!" to have your pretty little bare toed ox, or to be handed "any your pardon," applied to the smart; to have all the nice-looking men who used to make you such crushing bows, and give you such unlimited, penetrating, personal gaze, and shower all the attention of your calls, and perhaps push you against the wall to attain the other, with a shrug of hood by the clergy. It has to disgrace with all your fellow-beings, and to be treated with the same contempt as each other, if to which she has been accustomed, and yet feel in addition the bad advantage of one's corduroy, and state its equivalent by making interest with the fair sex," state to you that it is a humbug and sham. Isn't it a theory?

To be subject to the promptings of that unfeminine feminine desire for existence, which is right and lovely within proper limits, and yet have a place among strangers—to have to struggle for your elbow room, and yet be forbidden a becoming reserve, or whisper or breath—all this would I say? To choke up your throat with a thing resembling cravat; to hide your feet (I trust no Miss will ever be compelled to show her ankle, for I know nobody not you to be cruel—and yet to forbidden, by the most prudent of fashions, to reach, or to have a gentleman ask you "the time, sir?" when you are just on the point of drawing your watch from pocket. To confide to the invention to test your feelings by sitting down in the midst of three neighboring chairs, and have one of the male by standers, taking hold of your fan, remark, "His fan is worn out at the edges, I must get him a new one," while you are being weighed,? and go grinning away with the identical article! Is there any truth in fact you.

Yes—and yet—to be able to step over the ferry-boat chain when you are in a crowded hurry, and not feel that you are performing for their entertaining ridiculous process, and quietly to enjoy your triumph over scores of impatient-waiting ones by stepping on board of the boat with a finger lace "on draught?" to pick up contraband articles, and hold conversation with intelligent men, and hold conversation with intelligent men

THE INDIANS AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Where Mount Vernon's sacred shadows
Floating o'er the tide recline,
Mark the Mecca of the nations,
And the gliding boats that pass it,
With the toiling of their bears hush'd,
Speak the homage of the waters
To the Father of his Country.
Thither men, in deep submission,
Pilgrims from the ends of earth,
They whose ancestors were exiles
Of the realm that we inhabit.
Thither come the Asiatic and Australian
Of the Atlantean, (the Sea-island,)
Of the prairie, and the Mandaian,
Of the Tasmanian and the Sumatran,
Of the Arctic and the Andes,
Mounting with no feathery pinions
Where the far Missouri wanders
And with untired curiosity explores
The clear river where it mingles.
To this solemn delegation
From the tribes of forest-people,
Stain the pale-faced Briton with his red hue,
In whose gaze dwelling they would read
The name of him, the Great Father,
Washington, the brave and generous,
Whom the Manitou permitted
His young empire's foe to vanquish,
He, who loved his red-brow'd children,
When the tide of war was over,
Dwelt in peace 'mouh yonder red cave,
Slew'd the deer, and caught the wheel-fish
And when all his days were number'd,
Sleeps in yonder tomb beneath us.
While his spirit stood up to praise Jah.

Listening, fix'd as breezed statues,
Every glowing word they treasured
Of the Christian's holy faith,
Then, on stone, as the Pine-Tree
Answereth to the hint of Autumn,
All, with one accord uplifted,
Lead as thunder 'mid the mountains,
Their high cries of praise and honor
To the dauntless Chief who conquer'd
All the proud, enthralled forces,
That his form bent as slaughter
Wasted to darkness his Country.

But they pass'd and changed their manner,
Hiding their heads and wailing,
Bend the teeth more closely gnashing,
Fix'd their eyes on the ground,
To avoid and so despairing,
That the very lands who heard it,
Lingering 'mid the muted branches,
Chant their wing and caught the cadence.

Mournful was the hallowed ceremony,
Hinting they' that visited Ithaca,
Sighing o'er the funeral groves,
Since that with and deep lamenting
Of the ocean-all Ocean-dwellers,
Like forsaken children, wailing
Hopeless o'er a buried father.

Washington, June 8th, 1858.

* The observers that put on the Potomac observe the heavenly bodies with their beds while passing Mount Vernon.

† A. H. Bedford, Esq., under whose charge this operation from the river reached Mount Vernon, and in whom they seemed to confide with grateful regard.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

(Our new readers, who have not had an opportunity to peruse the first number of this romantic story, will find a synopsis of what has been published on the 7th page of this number of the Ledger. After reading this synopsis, they can turn to on and read the installment and the remainder of the story simultaneously, the same as if they had read all that we have published.)

CHAPTER LX.

THE LAWYER AND STEWARD THOMAS.

No sooner was it rumored in St. Faith's that a gentleman and lady had arrived at the King's Arms, and were making inquiries respecting the best Lillian, than an unusual degree of excitement took place. The village, since the departure of the family from the hall, had enjoyed more than its share of such profound quiet, that the change was welcomed with pleasure.

"Truth will out," observed one.

"I expected that my mystery would be cleared up," added a second.

A third passed towards the hall, and shook his head knowingly.

Meanwhile, Simon Gee and his wife, who had been sent for by the major, were both seated in the parlor of the "King's Arms." The old weaver was a little nervous at first, but the kind tone in which the questions were put to him, to say nothing of the presence of his strong-minded helpmate, soon placed him at his ease.

"You say that your late brother arrived on New Year's eve," began the major, "now four years since."

"That is the time exactly, sir."

"At what hour did he arrive?"

"Midnight. I was waiting for my comrades to ring the old year out and the new one in. I am sure," he added, "that I shall never forget the reception poor Barry's sudden appearance gave me."

"Had he the child with him?"

"Wrapped in his cloak, sir."

"Did he state whose child it was?" demanded Mrs. Major Hawley.

"He was, of course."

"In express words?"

"Well," replied the old man, "I couldn't swear that he said so in express words, but of course it must have been his—whose else could it have been? Besides, it was no very like him; was it, sir, Hester?"

The honest woman, put upon her veracity, could not confirm the opinion of her husband—she knew she would like to have done so.

"I can't say, Jabez," she replied; "the pretty creature had not Barry's nose or eyes. In fact, I always supposed that she resembled her mother, who, no doubt, was some foreign lady."

"And why do you suppose her to have been a lady?" demanded the major's wife, acting with ready tact upon the word.

"Because she was such a singular child."

"And do none but ladies have singular children?"

"Ay, but she had been so accustomed to be waited upon. Whenever she desired anything, she looked surprised if it was not brought to her; and when brought, took it as a matter of course. Poor people's children do that—at least, most, as St. Faith's."

The major and his lady exchanged glances. Probably they recognized in the peculiarity some trait of their lost god-daughter.

At this moment, Mr. Thornton, farmer Minter, Marshall, the lawyer, and Andrew Slice, were announced; and the inquiry, from the presence of the magistrate, assumed almost a legal form.

"Did Sir Norman Bloodroyd ever see the child?" continued the gentleman.

"Never, sir," answered Simon; "he will ill at the time."

"But Mr. Slice and her ladyship did," added Hester, "and he will tell you what a pretty creature she was. Poor Lilly! every one loved her—she was the pet of the village."

"That she was," exclaimed farmer Minter, bluntly. "My dame grieved for her as if she had been one of her own. A curse upon the bad, heartless wretches who stole her!"

A deep "Amen!" broke from all present.

"And what said her ladyship?"

"Oh! she was very kind and affable, as she always is to the poor," answered the wife of Simon Gee. "Every one knows that if my lady had her way things would have been very different at St. Faith's; but, poor thing, she hadn't a spirit of her own—Sir Norman ruled her in everything."

Here the steward and the lawyer smiled.

"She offered to place Lilly in her school," continued the speaker; "but we didn't like to let her go there."

"Why not?"

"Because I didn't want to part with her."

"Would it not have been for her advantage?"

"My lord may, sir."

This was the only answer which could be wrung from Hester Gee. She had had no other earthly motives to assign for having declined the patronizing offer of the lady of the manor.

"And did she appear offended at your refusal?"

"No, sir."

Here Simon coughed to remind his wife of a little circumstance which she seemed to have forgotten. The quick ear of Mr. Hawley detected the peculiar note; probably she had frequently stirred it herself, for she, too, was a great stickler in household management, which, as a matter of course, includes every species of conjugal interference.

"Do speak out, my good man," she exclaimed; "if you have anything to say. You need not wait at your wife so earnestly."

"I wanted to remind her," said the weaver, "that we had refused her ladyship's offer."

"Ah! very true! Now I recollect, it was the name of the poor soldier's child who——"

Here she suddenly paused, unwilling to pain her father by reminding him of the death of Barry Gee.

"Was shot pointing on the heads of Meldown," said her mother, thinking the sentence for her, "and by his death defeated public justice, for there is little doubt but he murdered the keeper lingering there."

Also shuddered, and remained for several minutes absorbed in painful thought.

"Maumai! mamma?" she suddenly exclaimed, "in what year did we quit Meldown Park?"

"In ——," replied her father, who looked upon his departure from his ancestral home as a historical event.

"The very year that——"

"Silence!" said her ladyship, in an imperative tone, for she felt annoyed that her daughter had not forgotten the adventure on the pavilion at Meldown Park. "Neither Sir Norman or myself feel sufficient interest in the affair to dwell upon it any further."

Alice obeyed, and alluded to the subject no more. But thought is independent of the will—and she could not help reverting to the subject assiduously and painfully, for the description of Lillian given in the advertisement, the foreign words she had heard the prisoner utter, and which the recruiter had pronounced to be Hindostani, convinced her the child of Barry Gee and the gipsy girl, as her mother had designated her, were the same, and consequently that her ladyship was a sharer in the crime of her abduction.

Just as Mr. Minter almost despaired of any satisfactory result from the advertisements, he was sent one morning on his way to Westminster, by a stout, coarse-looking woman, who inquired his name.

The gentleman gave it.

"But are you the lawyer who put the 'lament' in the paper about Lilly ?" she demanded.

Mr. Morton eagerly assured her that he was, and requested her to explain with him in his office.

"No, no," replied Bet, for the female was no other than the ballidun partner of Pudder Dick, "you don't catch me within four walls. What I have got to say you must listen to in the street. You want Lilly ?"

"And will pay for any information, that is to say, authentic information, regarding her," said the lawyer.

"I must have something in hand," observed the woman; "then, seeing that Mr. Hawley is interested, she added, "I think it's a reward her, how should I lie? I know'd that they called her Lilly ?"

"Right," said the gentleman, placing five sovereigns in her hand; "there is no earnest of what you may expect should your information prove of importance."

"Well," said Bet, pocketing the money, "this here's a good beginning. You must find a man named Dexter."

"What is he ?"

"A rascal who cheated me out of my skittles," replied the angry woman, "after my husband met with his misfortune. Lilly was 'prenticed to us to learn the tumbling trade."

Mr. Morton shuddered.

"He said he hadn't got her—she continued, "but I never believed him, and time and then may be I can tell you more."

"Where can I see him ?"

"Oh, he is always about, either with a gulf or at the fairs."

"And where, when he is found," added the lawyer, "am I to seek you ?"

"At the 'Lamb,'" answered Bet.

"Had you not better give me your address ?"

"My what ?"

"Tell me where you live ?"

The woman shuddered, and drawing her ragged cloak around her, regarded him with an expression of suspicion.

"No, Mr. Lawyer, I ain't such a fool as that! For years I've been at the mercy of every person where my home is—if it can be called a home. A dog wouldn't take up its quarters there. But no more of that—it's all right. Mr. Hawley can be safe, added, in a low tone.

"He! Who are you speaking ?"

"My husband—Pudder Dick ?"

"It might be," said the lawyer; "she unmeaned. The police deserved me. It ought to have been for life. But I ain't used to trouble you with that. When you have found Dexter, put another farthen in the papers, and I'll come forwards again."

Finding that threats and persuasion were alike powerless to induce the woman to alter her determination, Mr. Morton left her to depart, for he was quite evident that she would only give her address to suit herself.

It was not the first time he had met with such a witness.

CHAPTER LXI.

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Our hero had not long returned from his visit to the prisoner in the Queen's Bench, when he felt a lassitude that rendered him not only indifferent to the approaching trial, but even the danger of his age. At first he attributed it to the change of climate and the increasing heat of the weather; but when he found that he was not getting the quality which every native of Europe is supposed to possess, he began to suspect the temperate warmth of his native land for the burning one of the East. Even the mosquitoes, which had hitherto appeared upon a chaise lounge which the servants had placed in the verandah, in order that he might inhale a little fresh air, were now beginning to annoy him, when Fred Wharton called. The young officer, who had been absent on duty for a considerable duty, felt exceedingly shocked when he beheld the change which had taken place in his friend. He eye was dim, half glazed, and a sickly pallor overspread his countenance, which was usually florid.

"In heaven's name, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, as the invalid languidly held out his hand, "what has come to you ?"

"Nothing but a pain; merely a malaise which has invaded my entire system. In a day or two it will pass, no doubt, and I shall be myself again."

"Have you had advice?" demanded his visitor.

"Advice?" repeated Richard, with an effort to smile. "No; it is not so serious as that. I feel as pale; it is merely—a—kind of——"

"Fever," added the young officer, interrupted the speaker; and his friend observed that, as he wiped his lips, the handkerchief was tinged with green.

"Have you been eating fruit ?" he asked.

"Yes; I have lost all appetite; but it is merely a slight indisposition, and will pass now you have returned. I have been too much alone. Your society will soon set me to rights again. You will stay and dine with me."

"I will do more," replied Fred Wharton. Tyrrell regarded him inquiringly.

"I will take up my quarters and remain with you till you have recovered," continued the young

MAJOR AND MRS. HAWLEY'S INTERVIEW WITH SIMON GEE AND HIS WIFE.

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"I will take up my quarters and remain with you till you have recovered," continued the young

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

man. "Not a word. I won't be refused. I have only to drop a line to the colonel to obtain leave of absence."

"You must not risk the reason," cautioned our hero, raising himself from the couch: "it might create alarm."

"Trust to my prudence."

"For, after all, it is nothing. I feel ashamed of my weakness in giving way to it; for two days I have not had sufficient resolution to rise and quit the house. Is it not unaccountable?"

Here the poor fellow fell back, as if overcome by the exertion he had made, in describing his feelings to his friend.

"Do not excite yourself," said the latter. "But tell me what is the peculiar symptom you complain of?"

"A desire to sleep."

"And do you sleep?"

"I have not closed my eyes for the last two nights."

"Have you any other feelings?"

"A choking sensation on my lungs."

Here the invalid coughed again, and the slight froth tinged with green, which Fred had previously observed, rose to his lips.

"I must write my note at once," observed the latter, looking around for the necessary materials; but not seeing any, he rang the bell.

Hanno, the barkeeper, or butler, entered the apartment. A slight shade of surprise, and perhaps displeasure, crossed the features of the Hindoo when he perceived the presence of the young chief.

"Your master is ill," observed the latter.

"He sabib pays the penalty which Europeans pay when they arrive in the East," was the reply. "He will be better soon."

"But I have never paid it!"

The native shrugged his shoulders.

"Why did you not send for advice?" demanded Wharton, who began to experience a sensation of dislike at the coldness of tone and manner with which Hanno spoke of his master's sufferings.

"The sahib would not hear of it."

"Did I insist upon it, Bring me pens and paper!"

The kanzmar almost and withdrew.

"Don't speak angrily to him, Fred," said our hero. "The poor fellow has been very attentive to me—scarcely left me an instant."

"Have you received any visitors?" inquired Wharton.

"No—that is, I believe not."

"Perhaps you are ordered not to be denied?"

"No."

"Strange no one should have called."

On being reminded of the fact, Tyrrell confessed that it was strange, and added that doubtless he should be well enough on the following day to quit the house, and resume his usual occupation.

"Where is Jack Maiden all this while?"

"I sent him to the office for my letters, for, as I said, the English mail has arrived."

Hanno returned, and placed before his master's friend the writing-desk he had brought. He then, folding his arms, stood in an attitude of attention at a distant part of the room.

"What are you waiting for?" inquired the officer, seeing that he showed no intention of quitting the room.

"The sahib's letter."

"When written I will send for you," was the reply. "You need not wait."

The butler once more retired and disappeared.

Naturally Fred Wharton was anything but inclined to suspect the motives or motives of his fellow men; still, there was something so sudden in the illness of his friend, and so unaccountable in appearance, that he felt alarmed. The manner, too, of the kanzmar did not altogether satisfy him, and he came to the resolution of not sending his letter to the colonel by him, but to wait the return of Jack.

It was nearly an hour before the faithful fellow made his appearance. During the interval Hanno had twice found an excuse for entering the room, and each time asked if he should take his letter.

A dry negative was the reply, and the fellow withdrew, leaving only an occasional sentinel-like tread to conceal the worst of disquietment.

"I don't at all share the confidence you feel in your butler," observed the young officer. "I may be wrong—I trust I am—but I fear I am charging a shilling amongst upon the features of any one. It is upon his."

Tyrrell regarded him with surprise; he could not comprehend the sudden prejudice of the speaker.

"Who recommended him to you?" added Fred.

"Sanford, if you remember."

"Right; I was present."

Impatient at the non-arrival of Maudrey, whom he had directed the native servant to send to him, Wharton quitted the room of his sick friend, and, crossing the courtyard, entered the room of the sergeant and subalterns, the first person he perceived was Jack.

"How long have you been here?" he demanded.

"An hour at least," was the reply. "I was sure the poor fellow would be glad to see me, so I came; for Mr. Tyrrell is very ill."

"And yet you did not come near to inquire."

"Hanno ordered me not."

"Why so?"

"He said you were engaged."

"And yet I told him to send you to me the instant you returned!" exclaimed Fred Wharton. "I don't understand all this mystery, and fear there has been some foul play against my poor friend."

The eyes of Jack sparkled with anger. He, too, had been insulted by the same suspicion.

"If I could only prove it," he exclaimed, "I'd wring the rascal's neck. I won't leave the house again," he added; "it was a fool's errand the Hindoo sent me out for: there is no mail arrived from England."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain. Mr. Chaines told me so."

Things began to look still more suspicious. Fred's presence of mind, however, did not desert him.

"You must quit the house once more," he said, "for you are the only person in it I can trust. Take this letter to Sir Charles Fourmeau; give it into no hand but his; and him how ill Mr. Tyrrell has been, and request him from me to send Dr. Burke, and call himself. In fact, I cannot understand why he has not done so already."

Jack rose from the bench on which he had been seated to depart; as he did so the sergeant observed that he betrayed extreme listlessness of manner, that his eyes, which had lately flashed with rage, like those of his master now appeared dull and heavy.

"Why, Maudrey," said the officer, "you, too, are not well."

"Don't mind me, sir," replied the honest fellow: "think only of Mr. Richard. I am suffering from the same complaint; but I hope to be better soon to starve him. Hanno says it's the change of climate, that all Europeans feel it, but I don't believe it. I have been both in China and India before, and never experienced anything like it."

Wharton saw the messenger in the entrance of the house, and watched him till he had turned the street on his way to the artillery barracks, before he returned to the sick room of his friend, on reaching which he found Hanno trying to persuade him to take a cooling drink which he had prepared.

"I can't," sighed the invalid; "the odor of it sickens me."

"It will do the sahib good," added the Hindoo, pressing it to his lips.

"Set it down," said the stern voice of the officer, who could with difficulty repress all he felt and thought. "Mr. Tyrrell will take it when he feels disposed."

"It is nauseous," murmured Richard.

"But it cools the fever in the head," replied the kanzmar, without the slightest change of countenance. "Hanno has no such ambition."

"Perhaps not," observed Wharton, taking it from his hand, and smelling it. "I will give it to him when he feels more disposed; now go and prepare dinner. I will superintend and dine with your master."

The Hindoo salamed once more.

"In my way to the market," he said, "I can deliver the letter. The sahib is ready?"

"It is gone already."

The Hindoo quitted the room without a word.

"I feel exceedingly faint," sighed the sick man.

His friend, who by this time was seriously alarmed, scarcely knew how to act, or what to do. On holding the drink to Richard's mouth, a large finger-and-span one of the side-tables. Pouring out a glass of it, he drank it off at a draught, after which he eyed it with a look of

A STRANGE COMPANION.

BY ELEANOR CORY, JR.

"Scare is ca'rn critters," said old Steve Robbins, as he lighted a pipe and settled down to smoking.

Steve was one of the early pioneers in that part of the country, and had worked hard for many a long year without laying up a cent of the world's goods. He was a hardy, cantankerous man; good for a day's work; and acted as a sort of Man Friday for the whole neighborhood.

"Yet, sir," he added, with an emphatic ejection of tobacco juice, "they is ca'rn critters, and I tell you."

"You have killed a good many of them!" I remarked, for the purpose of drawing him out.

"Ef I'ain't," he answered, rather carelessly, "I should say—some."

"How is it," I pursued, determined to have the story out of him, for I knew very well that he had one which he was anxious to tell,—"will our ordinary black bears attack a man without provocation?"

"That depends upon what ye mean by provocation."

"Why—I mean, will they ever attack a man if he does not molest them?"

"Wal—as fur that, I s'pose, as a gineral thing, they would; but it makes 'em powerful skeery when a gole' to tackle 'em. Howsomever, an old she-bear, with young ones about, might be an ugly customer to meet."

"Have you ever met that?" I said.

"Ay! it's a fact," added Steve. "But," he continued, "the critters ain't so bold as they used to be, when I come to this 'ere kind of 'got acquainted with the nater' of man, an' they're shy of him."

"Now," I replied, "that has been my result wherever man has gone. Even the most powerful and savage of the wild beasts gradually lose their daring; after man has made his home near their haunts, and exercised the power of art and invention over mere brute force."

"Jes' so," responded the old man. "I think ye've got it, Lawrence—I know it's so with bears. But—did I ever tell ye about the bear I had when I lived in Maine?"

I assured him that I had never heard anything about it.

"Wal," he continued, "twas what I called, at the time, a considerable of a curi'us circumstance. Ye see, I'd built me a bit of a cabin, right up under Big Rock Hill, and there I lived as best I could. One night about twelve was in Robinson Hollor, an' that was night onto six miles from any neighbor. Sure-enough; just about dark, the Frost came along a horseback, and stopped a while to talk. He lived in the Hollor, and was a kind of a darter cleatin' awhile, ye see.

"Wal, he'd got some first-cold fresh beef—killed this mornin'. Don't ye want some?

"Gorsha? sez I, guess I do.' I hain't no fresh meat a while—'tain't'ways, as ye know, I'd had some fish, an' sparin', an' the like o' that; so I was glad to get the beef.

"Wal,' sez he, 'jes' come over in the mornin' an' I'll have it ready for ye to take.'

"The old woman was awful tickled when she found out we was to have some fresh beef, an' she had me up two hours 'fore daylight the next mornin', an' said I must go an' get back so's to have some to fry for breakfast. It was a very cold mornin', right in early spring, with some snow on the mountains, but in the woods yet, an' I walked considerable fast. At my rate, I got over to Buttermilk Hollor after daylight, an' had to wait for the rest of his bed. He got up, howsomever, without grumblin' none, an' let me to. We had a pooty fair piece of old Lumber's road to go, an' then we run into the shed, where the beef was. He cut off a nice piece for me, and—right off at the hinder part of the rib—an' then he cut a runin' clouh out'n a piece of his shirt, an' I tied up the meat in it, an' up mother thick, but he said he'd got enough; 'an' I'd better take it, for I'd have a nice journey to get it. We tied a piece of hed-cord around the meat, so I could take it on a stick an' carry it on my shoulder.

"Now,' sez he, 'you'll carry that easier if ye put a drop more of cold water.' Meanin'—

"Reckon I could,' sez I.

"An' I went very well that the old critter wanted a drop more himself, so I was perfectly willin' to accommodate him. Wal, I went—I was about a spell—mind ye 'twasn't none of yer plain staff that ye have now, but the right kind of a walkin' stuff itself, such as opened a man's eyes, and made him feel like a man.

The old man smacked his lips over the recollection of that time, and tapped them with his tingers to show the flavor of the medicine dangling from his fingered about his mouth.

"Wal, I went along at the spell," he resumed, "a I shouldered the meat an' started for home. Nearly all the way through Butterm ilk Hollor, the road was tow mile, or so, that I rept by the edge of the pond. I got to the water just as the day dawn broke, and afore the sun was in sight I was in the woods again. I had gone, maybe, a dozen rods from the pond, when I sed somethin' a mouth in the bunker right ahead of me, an' presently out walked a bear, an' a great critter he was, too. I had ever sed. She come out, an' sot right down on her hind legs, an' sot still there at the side of the road.

"Want's this a fix for a well-dressed man. There she critter sot, eyein' me as steady as a mouse eyein' the feller's gun, an' warn't she in fer it. No weapon. I had an old jack-knife in my pocket, but there warn't only one of 'em, an' that was broken off,'an' only fit to cut tenbacker with. I'd let the meat down afore my knife the night afore, an' clean sons trout with, an' she had it now. But I warn't a-goin' to push her under such circumstances, unless we come to a reg'lar bog, which I wasn't in no way anxious for just then.

"Wal, she sot there, an' I stood, lookin' at her, the feller in the eye, to see if I couldn't look her out of countenance—but she looked as steady as steady as I did; but she didn't move. She sot there, an' her tongue was out of her mouth, an' sez—'Let's see yer come on.' When I found I hadn't got no ammunition out of her, I began to think of turnin' back; but I was nearer home than I was to the Hollor, only nineen me an' bone to go home. If she meant any mischief, I'd give chase one way as quick as she would the other. I tell ye, 'twas sort o' 'spirited; but I made up my mind bit I'd try to go by her, anyhow; if I hoped ary up an' down, I'd have as much as though I warn't afraid of her. I may go further, an' she won't touch me. So I tried it. Took the opposite side of the road from where she sot, an' sez' picked ahead. She let me come up over against her, an' then she got up right straight, but didn't move towards me. As soon as I saw this I kept on, an' pooty soon I'd got fairly by her.

"Now, thinks I to myself, I may as well move on, for I've got no means of defence, an' the quickest I get out of the way the better. So I set it was a she-bear, an' I felt sure she must have cubs, or somethin' somewhere near, for she'd never close by, for at that time in the spring she calls most generally follow their mothers. She was gaunt and poor, but with a mighty big frame. I declare for it, I did feel a little worried; but as I got a good piece by me I took courage, an' I only come out there to see me safe off; so I concluded I'd go on. Every few steps, when we got clear by, I'd stop an' look back, an' she'd stop, the bear an' follow me. I stopped an' looked another time, an' she stopped, too. Then I kept on again, an' she kept on after me.

"Wal, sir, I'm sure, out of my way one most all up hill, an' I know'd the bear could outrun me as well as I'd run a hoss down hill I might a' tried it, but them long hindlegs o' their'n are just fit to put 'em up critin' ground. I started into an hour-ist kind of a walk agin, just as though I wasn't a bit afeared, but no sooner had I started that the 'natural critter started arter me. I was gittin' kind o' riled now, and pooty soon I started into a run; but I hadn't run a rod afore I heard the bear a pantin' it arter me. I raced in with all my might, but 'twasn't no use. The brute could run faster'n I could, and was a-gainin' on me. Thinks I to myself, she'll ketch me if she tries, but she shan't if I hitch me somewares, nor take me in the rear; so I stopped an' turned; an' may I be blessed if the bear didn't stop right short at the same time, and hitch herself onto her haunches agin.

"What in thunder can the critter mean?' sez I to myself; 'an' jes' as I said it—for I spoke kind o' loud, as though I was talkin' to somebody—the bear gin a snort, and began to champ her jaws. At first I was startled, but pooty soon an idee hit me. Thinks I, *the bear wants some of this meat.* It was curious that I hadn't thought of that afore; but the moment the thought came to me, I saw right through the whole thing. A neighbor of mine had been down to the pond once, an' was scared home with a she bear; and she'd been followed him just so; but he dropped some of the fish, and she picked 'em up and went off.

"Wal—as soon as this idee hit me I know'd I must part with some o' my beef, or else run the risk o' being tackled afore I got out of the woods. So I unstrung my load, and took off the chunk of steak, and threw it on the ground. Then I looked at the bear, and she looked at me, and, I declare for't, she seemed to know what I was up to. After this I picked on, an' pooty soon the critter came and picked up the meat, and went off with it just as though she had business to attend to.

"Wal, sir, I'll be blessed if I didn't my way home. I gin the old woman the roastin' piece, an' went to get a stock off'n it somehow for breakfast, and I'll be darned if the critter hadn't gone without one o' mine, and all!

"Mother enough,' sez I; 'an' I sot down and eat mine, and started off. I knew where the bear had gone into the woods, and I went to the place in a while I was her, layin' down by an old pine log, and right afore me, in the hole in the little crik that come down the last of my meat. I warn't more'n ten rod off, an' I was sure of my aim. I bel drive, and the old bear turned over, and made a feller right through her heart. I loaded up as quick as I could, and shot out of the hole, and the critter as I caught and knocked in the head. One of the youngsters I hadn't noticed afore, an' I'm all swallowed my breakfast I took the old bear down to the house with me.

"The old bear was poor as poverty, an' tough as a dried sea-lion; but her hide was good, and I got a pooty green turf o' it I own'd make, I got pooty good pay for the meat I'd lost, and altogether I was the less of my bear. I learned to kill sheep, an' tear down corn, in the fall.

COMMUNING WITH THE DEAD.

For my own part, says a distinguished writer, I find the communing with the dead, in the case of the start of me a little while; are more advanced to knowledge than the living; and if they had the will to communicate with us, would give us more little knowledge it, after all, really worth. There is nothing in the world more than a magnificent unattainable feelings to the heart—feelings that, in spite of the most determined resistance, prompting strange thoughts and imaginings that, in spite of the full light of reason, we can find pleasure in visiting the last shadow of mortality, and in coming over the "dreary tract," that lies between the living and the dead. The shadows of the dead, though formless by the world in general, are not such to the fond imagination of such them often, and to regard them as the dwellings of the blessed. When I was—I was—a child, I have a great admiration for beautiful church-yards, and a traditional belief in the supernatural. Spectral *My taste for a place of sepulture is* with this confession—

"Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grave is rare, and all is even
With here and there a violet bestrewn,
Fresh from the clod,—a newly-risen birth."

And many an evening am alone crawlin' on my grave."

Mine be the solemn cypress-tree,
With its pale fruit like human eyes
Hung in the pensive moonlight dree,
Its leaves still as the skies."

Then pollexes combine not merely in a strict adherence to forms of ceremony: it consists in exquisite observance of the feelings of others, and a favorable respect for those feelings. By this definition it claims alliance with benevolence, and may sometimes be found as genuine in the cottage as the court.

CLEANLINESS may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.)

IN MEMORIAM.

To Mrs. A. T.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

She bears a whisper from the shore
Of the immortal spirit-land :—
"I am inside the everlasting.
I hear the choirs of sleep sky land ;
The world's great secrecies pass thee by,
For sight of thy All-Seeing."

The growth of what flowers everlasted,
The broken, rain-pierced bud,
The curious lie, the hurrying street,
The sweet, and bitter, and the mad,
Where weak achieves and evil rioters,
For darkest suffer sleep absent.

The dead, in caves, around him sweep
The flash of many a wild sea-storm ;
And round them gather cloud, built vast,
In vernal freshness on his grave,
That the last trees grow scaly day,
That night and morning watched for him !

Oh, matted ashes to unsleep hair
Lofty lights on lily happy heart,
The roses blue eyes, the freshened lily,
And smiling red lips half apart,
Brushed out in unutterable mystery
How early they should fade from thee !

Oh, baleful, haste, no pale and cold—
Oh, scale, white lips, that smile no more—
Oh, faithful heart, forever true,
The mother's weary watch is over—
But in the rest from a sure
The memory of her goldust She !

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

For the benefit of our new readers we give a synopsis of the brilliant story which has elicited comment up to the present instalment :—

The birth of Sir Stacy, Richard Hoffman, is the son of George Hoffman, once a favorite clerk of Richard Astley, a wealthy London merchant, whose anger he incurred by marrying his only daughter, Rachel, while the father was absent in India. His family, who died before her husband returned, approved the match, and on her decease bestowed a letter interesting for its peculiar principle, which letter after her death could not be found. Sir Bentley, returning and finding his only child married to his clerk, was greatly enraged, discarded his daughter, disinherited George, whose property charged with having stolen $50,000, missing East India securities, and set them adrift in London, with but one true friend. Here Marrying his son and confidential book-keeper and clerk of the house, when Sidney George's anxiety and love for his wife Rachel were alike unabatable, and who suspected Curtis Keen, Mr. Bently's nephew and George's native enemy, of having perished the missing securities. George was unfortunate in falling into bad habits to drink, and by the time his son Richard had reached the age of thirteen had become quite confirmed at sea, and reduced his family to the very verge of starvation. They lived in a low neighborhood, where our hero made the acquaintance of Jack Marsden, a boy about his own age, the nephew of Miller Silas, a retrograde character, who lived by a small and pick pockets for his support—a course of life which Jack abhorred but never could find an escape from. Jack liked Richard because he never minded him about his occasional thefts, and would not be persuaded to steal. One night as Richard rambled forth into the streets to secure means to buy food for his mother and his little sister Mary, who were actually starving, he met Jack, who, on hearing Richard's desperate case, at once set about picking the pocket of an old gentleman across the street, which he did pick and then escaped, leaving Richard in the clutches of the police who seized him as Jack's accomplice. By the old gentleman being favorably impressed with Richard's innocent, refined, and manly appearance, he was set at liberty, standing his father's miserable career he was a manly and honest little fellow, and the gentleman got to his gin with him, and carrying Richard to the house of his lawyer, Mr. Morton, gave him his choice to go off to school and be educated when his parents would know nothing about him, or to go to prison. It was a bitter alternative for the Richard, after combatting the strange old man and the lawyer heavily, finally yielded, and was taken by Mr. Morton to the school of the Rev. Orson Grove, in the school of Jersey, agreeing not to write to his parents, or to say anything about his strange situation, even to Mary, who was in the same school. All that Richard could find out about the old man was, that he was very rich, very kind, very eccentric, and very obstinate.

The sudden and mysterious disappearance of Richard, and the report that he had been arrested for pocket-picking, threw his mother into a violent fever, and so shocked his father as to make a thorough reformation in him. Peter Mangles assisted George to get his situation of agent and manager of the London business of Squire Thornton, a wealthy gentleman and manufacturer, who resided at his country seat, "The Elms," in the village of St. Faith's. There also lived at St. Faith's, a haughty nobleman, named Sir Norman Woodford, the cousin of Muldrew Park, whose younger brother, Allan Boothroyd, had been driven off by ill-treatment, and had joined the army in India. Lady Boothroyd must bound the return or marriage of this young brother-in-law, Allan, on the birth of the two boys had made certain provisions in his will which were a source of annoyance to her husband. Sir Norman Boothroyd was governed by his wife, a thorough fiend and an infidel, although a member in public she seemed so meek and innocent as a dove. This worthy couple had but one child, Alice, a beautiful and admirable girl, ten years old, who was much attached to William Thornton, a spirited boy of sixteen—a son of Squire Thornton. Sir Norman was intensely disliked by the tenantry, and the landlords of the village of Muldrew Park. He tried to prevent their shooting hares upon the common, and his hall is a conflict with Squire Thornton, in which two of Sir Norman's hounds, and one of his keepers, named Sledgeberry, were killed, and also Barny Gee, a soldier who had just returned from the Sutlej wars, and brought with him a beautiful gift of tar or twelve years, named Lillian, who was supposed to be his own child. Barny was shot by Sir Norman's men ; and as great was the indignation of the people, that the Boothroyds determined to leave the place and reside in London. When Barny Gee first arrived in St. Faith's, he had letters some papers, which he seemed to think of much importance to Lillian, in a nook called the "Cold Bath," in the belfry of the village church ; and when the villagers gathered around him, as he lay dying on that New Year's Eve, he tried hard to tell them something, but when Parson Minter beat his ear to the dying soldier's lips, all Barny said was—*"To Jack Noo!"* and the honest farmer could never remember what the expression was, although he was certain he should at once recognize it if he could hear it again. Lillian, the orphan, was taken to the house of Barny's brother Simon, and his wife. But Lady Boothroyd having, seen her and having heard that Allan Boothroyd and his wife had died in India, and that their orphan daughter had been sent to England in charge of a soldier friend, she at once came to the conclusion that Lillian was Allan's daughter, and resolved to have her put out of the way. With the aid of Sir Norman's crafty and villainous old steward, Andrew Silex, the twin brother of Mike, the reinsured convict, she concocted a plan for Lillian's abduction. Having secretly learned that our Mark Rayner had found the chest, which killed Spielsgthorn on the night of the affray, she forced him and his wife, Jane, many against their will, to steal Lillian and carry her off to London. There she was given in charge of old Mike, with a letter from Lady Boothroyd that she would give five hundred pounds if the child should happen to die, and another secret and contrary hint from the steward, that if anything should happen to the child, he would punish Mike terribly, as she would not cause to worth her weight in gold to him. Mike illtreats the poor child terribly, but Jack Marsden defends her, and gives the villainous and hoary twice so much alarm by his discoveries about the child and Lady Boothroyd, that they get him seized by a process and carried off to sea. Mike then prepares to cheat all parties. He coupe Lillian for a poor consumptive child named Fan, of Lillian's own age and size, and exchanges the two, with Fiddler Dick, another returned convict and old "pal" of Mike's, who keeps an Hibernal trap of "dancing girls." He then speedily summons Fan's death by constantly exposing her to the chill night air, and has the corpse buried as Lillian's, that he may get the five hundred pounds of Lady Boothroyd. Meanwhile Fiddler Dick and his wife Bet, who hated Lillian and got to hate Dick himself because he would not let her maltreat the poor child, go to Southampton to exhibit their dancing girls and leave Barney Dick here with Lillian for supplies, and in the confusion Lillian is caught by Rose Rayner, who brings her to Hannah's wing

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TO A PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER.

Taken in her Childhood.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I've paused in dreamy silence on the stairs
That run in solemn splendor from the street,
Watching the old enchanting picture there
Of her whose beauty I have studied down
To the old wrinkles and well-beaten history
Charged in their subtle lineaments: The cold stare
That seem to say, without a word—and should
—Behold us! We are God's bright mysteries!
Wrap this not glory and our loveliness
In to my mortal comprehension!
Then I have turned to watch the light
Through the embellishments design of Spain,
Or Italy, or France, that shone back and forth
From the far corners of the room! And then
I've hoped, oh with what vain intensity,
What burning, agonizing wish to know!
The things beneath Shrimp's still veil.

And yet it were no event to me to see,
Or hear, or touch, or remember motions,
As the mere story of some one—
Ay, or the literate beyond!

Alas, alas,
They tell me, picture, that thou art a thing
Of fairy beauty; that thy locks and face
Are classed as might in a fairy-story!
Those curls of gold resolved to curiosity
Around my shrunk temples were; and that
Thou wert a child, a child with a serenest frown,
Now one at seven or three! Oh, is my heart
The worship for all beauty is so deep
That I could love thee for thy loveliness;
Ay, love thee earnestly for that alone,
But when I think how those young charms matured
And softened into calmer brightness, watched
Their every change, and loved them all the more
The pictured all my childhood lived; and how—
Well, trusting heart—how even that lovely lip
Could no more conceal some secret sorrow
And how, as last, that forest flew gone past,
And up cold, and desolate, and cruel stood,
And not our kisses—not even
And how the sacred light of love
Take flowers my fading eyes' sphere, whose chain
Of memories binds me to the past, and how world—
But a wreath strangely on my lid! and here
Each mournful event in the twilight-hush
My baby brother Bryant—Mamma!" he said;
And when they told him she was gone to Heaven
And would come back no more, each sweetly
To orphan comforters, sweetly asking why
She did not ride him? And how oft we—small,
—No stranger, always will be remembered—
Have wept for her, and for years and years of years
How deeply, fearfully! Those years
To look, bright shade, on thee!

But then art for,
So far away, and my sorrowful course
Purchases will never, never visit to thee;
And also, thy semblance—sighs and tears are vain—
Is seen as well as heard before the Throne,
And question of the Friend that is fast
Is not the Friend that is fast to thee!
The vacation Heaven to thee! The angels know
She is my Mother—yet they answer not.

CHASED BY INDIANS.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"It is a wild, glorious life for those who love the sports of the chase—for those of the hunter who are on the great prairies of the Far West!" enthusiastically exclaimed a friend of mine, who had spent a portion of his life beyond what was then known as the frontier of civilization.

"But does it have its perils and unpleasant passages, which sometimes make one wish himself safe at his home?" I inquired of him.

"True, we have our storms as well as sunshine," he rejoined; "but all pay has its sorrow, all pleasure its evil, all sweet has its bitter, else perhaps the first would pall. Like *you*—the spur of variety and control; and so a man has more pleasure than pain, for he is entitled, as he ought to be, to a happy claim to happiness. Speaking of perils, though by-the-by, and unpleasant passages, suppose I give you a rather striking incident of my own personal experience?"

"By all means," said I; "the very favor I would have asked—nothing could please me better."

"Well, then, as I am sure to be always like to come to the facts, without any indirect preliminaries, suppose I jump at once into the very heart of my story?"

"All right—proceed."

"Well, then," pursued my friend—who, by the way, was a finely-built, athletic fellow, near thirty years of age, and one of the most honorable of men—" the incident I refer to, occurred during a buffalo hunt on which it became the great pleasure, up near the head waters of the Arkansas. A party in eight of us had opened out for the sport upon a small herd of buffaloes, and had begun the slaughter in the regular Western fashion—that is to say, by each singling out his animal, dashing up alongside of him for fiery steed, discharging his bolster pistols into the most vital part, and then following up the cow or bull to its final fall and death, and then immediately starting it, taking a few moments to reload our camp fire, rolling up the hide, strapping it to the back of the saddle, mounting our horse, and so dashing on again as before, leaving the remainder of the carcass to the coverly coyote, or small prairie wolves, which, with the instinct like that of sharks, seldom failed to follow in our steps.—We were thus engaged, I say, and had been for some time separated from all of my companions save one—whose animal, alike branching of from the herd, had taken the same direction as mine—when suddenly we were both startled by the cry of 'Indians!' and looking behind us, we saw, far down the green sight of ten mounted savages, bearing down for us with all speed, with similar parties ahead and behind us in the distance, who were also scattered and flying in every direction.

"By heavens! here is something more than fun!" cried young Summerfield, my companion, in alarm, instantly turning off from his wounded buffalo, and dashing up alongside of me. 'What shall we do, Leland—eh?'

"'Run or fight, I hardly know which!' said I, checking up my horse for a moment's consideration, and sweeping the prairie with my eye.

"'Let it be a run, by all means!' said Summerfield, as eager, excited tone; 'it is our only chance.'

"'And what chance have we then?' said I, thoughtfully. 'These savages are doubtless better mounted than we, and will soon run us down; and it will only be fight or death at last—perhaps both. Doubtless if we were to dismount, make a kind of breastwork of our horses, and stand them off, the savages, after a few cities round us, a few grand flourishes, and a fascinating display of their agility in the chase, would leave us to ourselves—especially if, with a careful aim, we should happen to inform one or two of the most daring of them. Come! what do you say? We have our rifles already loaded; and we shall have time to load our pistols after before they get up; and the latter will serve us even better than the former, should it come to a close encounter.'

"'I think we can escape by flight, Leland,' returned Summerfield, in a nervous, agitated tone; 'and flight is my choice. But whatever we do, we must do quickly; for see! they are coming up furiously; and if we stand here three minutes longer, it will be too late to choose—there will be no alternative. If these were all, I would remain and abide the consequences; but if we permit ourselves to be surrounded, there is no knowing what moment the others yonder may join this party; and even from negative as you are, cannot hope to long withstand the whole.'

"This last remark struck me with force; it would be the height of folly to think of holding out against a larger party than the one in chase; by flight we should probably lose them, and from their companions, and thus have them to themselves, even if it came to a close fight; and so I decided for flight.

"Our conversation had been very rapid, and our halt had not extended beyond a minute, during which time I had constantly supplied myself with sweeping the horizon with a glance of a thousand rods.

"'Far, far as eyesight could reach, in every direction around me, the blue horizon met the level earth—the savages being a black point in the distance, not unlike a small cloud which I believed to be a wooded elevation—one of the two ranges of the Rocky chain, thrown forward like the vanguard of an army.

"'Over this plain, less than half a mile distant, lay in a direction opposite to the black point in question, our mounted foes were swiftly advancing, yelling like demons; while away to the right, with here and there a straggler mingled in strange confusion, our scattered friends were flying in terror, each followed by a small band of mounted savages, who it was indeed a moment of peril, and a scene to make the hair rise with excitement, and the blood to course swiftly through the veins.

"'Ou! I shouted—in gentler distant wood! Our liver may depend upon our reaching that before our enemies.

"'And instantly setting our horses' heads in the proper direction, we buried our rowels in their flanks, and bounded forward like lightning, for Indians yelling even more furiously as they witnessed the effect of their intermidation, and pressed on more eagerly forward in pursuit.

"Such was the first flash at which we aimed in advance of our pursuers! It was a long distance—many a long league; but our horses were nevertheless gloriously fresh; and though not, perhaps, all things being equal, of the same speed and bottom as those which we rode, they were the best at the start we had, to give us hope.

"'Now, my gallant steed, we can shoot as quick, and as far, and as certain as the best of them.'

"But such was not the case with my companion; for as to one, I retained my companion, who seemed more alarmed than I appeared to perceive.

"'But once for each mark will do,' I rejoined; 'and if we find them gaining on us, it must be tried.

"These savages are a cowardly pack, whatever they may do on death before them; and if they only knew it, it we can drive them away from the main body, and confusion in their ranks, they will soon be in full race as to ourselves. Meantime let us load our pistols, and be prepared to use them to advantage on the chance.'

"Accordingly, casting our bridle-reins over the high pommels of our saddles, we proceeded to put all our weapons in order, still spurring forward, and keeping an eye on our pursuers, who were coming rapidly on, almost in a body, and, as I fancied, with a look of triumph.

"We each had a brace of bolster pistols, which could carry a bullet with deadly effect a quarter or forty yards, with the truncon and almost the force of a rifle; and having loaded them, replaced them in their holsters, and drawn out our rifles, one thing in order, and well disposed for action, we nerved ourselves for the coming shock, and gave attention to the race.

"Ah, on they came! our gallant animals straining every nerve, doing their duty nobly, and seeming to feel as well as we the importance of the issue, and on came our pursuers, at the very top of their speed, eager for our destruction, and now and then firing a shot at us, which fell short like that of mere bravado.

"'Ah, they are spent—mistake after minute—mile after mile; the dark spot, the haven of our hopes, is rising a little in the distance, and bearing down in a more direction as mine—when suddenly we were both startled by the cry of 'Indians!' and looking behind us, we saw, far down the green sight of ten mounted savages, bearing down for us with all speed, with similar parties ahead and behind us in the distance, who were also scattered and flying in every direction.

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